

LAST NIGHT'S EXCLUSIVE BULLETINS TO THE JOURNAL FROM THE GLADIATORS.

Fitzsimmons Outlines His Daily Routine and Says He Needs No Machines to Improve His Condition.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

sweat I can then step into the rubbing room and cool off slowly beside a fire and in a proper temperature. By to-morrow morning I will have everything in readiness to begin hard work, according to the following routine:

Rise at 7 o'clock, exercise a little in yard and then take a hearty breakfast. Following this I will spar a little, wrestle in the gymnasium and otherwise exercise a short time. I will then take my daily run, from eight to ten miles, returning in time for a good rub down and dinner.

The afternoon will be consumed in wrestling, sparring, bag punching and hard work with Hickey, Roebor and Stelzner, whom I expect to-morrow morning from San Francisco. The afternoon will be the hardest part of my day, and while the programme is likely to vary a little in detail, altogether it will be much the same. About 6 o'clock, I will be ready for supper and will eat heartily and whatever my appetite craves. After that I may read, or write what letters I have to answer, and retire about 8 o'clock. At the present writing I am in good condition. The climate agrees with me and I feel myself a muscle builder. Nothing confronts me of an unsatisfactory character. I notice that a great many of the people in this part of the country wear snow glasses to protect their eyes, but I find them an encumbrance rather than a convenience.

I don't think I need any manufactured materials to improve my anatomy or my condition, and find that I am a pretty sound and healthy human being, who will be ready on the 17th to face any fighter who lives, and particularly James Corbett.

To the Editor of the Journal:
Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, near Carson, Nev., Feb. 23.

I spent the day getting things in shape to suit me and building a room for a table rubbing-down room next to the dance hall, where I will do considerable of my training. After getting a good sweat I can then step into the rubbing room and cool off slowly beside a fire and in a proper temperature. By to-morrow morning I will have everything in readiness to begin hard work, according to the following routine:

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To the Editor of the Journal:
Training Quarters, Shaw's Springs, Carson, Nev., Feb. 23.

Time is passing quickly in my training quarters, for what, with four hours a day of hard work and the amusement I derive from my mail, we have but little losing to do. The most amusing of my communications arrived to-day. In it I was warned to test my food and drink before every meal, like the kings of England in the olden times and the Czar of Russia at the present day. I was told, above all, to keep a close watch on my trainers, for I was in immediate danger of foul play. I need hardly say that the letter was a sample of many I receive in the same strain, and I paid no attention to it.

To-day I played handball with my brother Joe for sixty-five minutes, the longest spell on record since I arrived here. After that I boxed with Billy Woods and Joe for another hour, and also did a little bag punching. I am sure I am stronger and quicker to-day than I have been for months. Without intentional hard hitting I had Woods on the go several times. He is having hard work, and will be glad when Jeffries is here to take a hand in the game.

I notice that Fitzsimmons has something to say of the difficulty experienced in landing on my brother Joe. I will say in reply that as long as I can place my blows on Joe I have no fear but I will be able to reach some part of Fitz's anatomy. I apprehend little difficulty in this respect when we meet. Instead of bothering about my speed or my brother's, or matters personal to me, I would suggest to Fitzsimmons that he watch that cold of his and see that it does not get any worse. We want to give the people a good run for their money next month, and not for the world would I have my opponent in anything but the very best condition. Next to my own condition I am interested in having him fit.

Corbett Tells of Warnings to Watch His Trainers, and Hands Out Advice to His Opponent.

By James J. Corbett.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

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LETTERS AND RING RULES.

These Are the Propositions That Occupy Corbett's Mind Between His Hours of Exercise.

RECEIVES REFEREE SILER AND OTHERS.

Carson, Nevada, Feb. 23.—Corbett sat in the barroom at Shaw's Springs to-day reading his mail. It was after the lunch hour, and a motley crowd of humanity stood around the roaring stove and watched the big fellow. The silence which is said to have "reigned supreme" would in all probability have been as ear-ringing as a dog fight compared to the outside which prevailed. There could not have been less noise if Corbett had been reading aloud to the onlookers. When Corbett started at something in his letter the watchers smiled, seeing him frown they frowned, and when his face relaxed they bent their brows and sized him up critically, and never a word was spoken. It was here worship of the most pronounced description.

As the fighter went through his letters, disposing of some of them with a glance, he tore them in shreds and dropped them around his feet. When he had finished a few were near him to that over the happenings of the morning.

"This mail business is awfully amusing," he said.

Some Letters Corbett Receives.

"Of course, letters containing good wishes and different kinds of advice come in the largest numbers, but I receive some uncomplimentary ones and at times some original suggestions. I have got that way now so that I can size a letter up at a glance, and when it is on roasting order I destroy it without reading it through. I have several of that kind, but none would come up to one I received when I was training for Sullivan. It was cunningly worded and, although it hit me pretty hard, I had to laugh when I had finished it. It began by telling me that the writer had watched my career and was interested in me because he believed I was young, persevering and ambitious. It gave me a whole lot of advice as how to condition myself, and went along until it brought me up to the night of the fight. It concluded something like this:

"When you get into the ring see that somebody ties Sullivan's arms and legs and go at him. Even at that advantage you will not be able to lick him, for you are the poorest impostor for a fighter that ever drew on a glove."

Among the letters received by Jim to-day was one warning him to keep a watch on his food and his trainers. He refers to this in his signed statement. There was also a postal card from the constable of himself. On the face of it was printed a description of two boys who had run away from their homes at that place. Across the postal was written in ink the following:

"SAID TO HAVE STARTED FOR CARSON. GIVE THEM A GOOD, SWIFT KICK AND SEND THEM HOME."

Corbett had something to say in reply to Fitzsimmons's remark on the attitude of himself and Siler in reference to Queensberry rules. "It simply amounts to this," said Jim, "Fitzsimmons holds that the Queensberry rules provide for stepping back after a clinch. They do nothing of the kind. They forbid hanging and clinching and that is all they have to say on that point."

Fate to Hit with an Arm Free.

"Now I believe that it is perfectly fair to hit while you have one arm free and to hit while breaking away, but I am going to make no dispute on that score. I am satisfied to leave the interpretation of the rules to the referee. Fitzsimmons surely can hit as hard as I can, and it ought to suit him as well as it suits me to hit at close quarters. It almost looks as if he

wants to make a long range fight of it entirely, and depend on the landing of his ferocious swing blows."

Siler and Corbett Meet.

Referee Siler went out to see Corbett on this matter to-day.

Jim was out of bed at 7:30 o'clock this morning. He toyed with the dumbbells and at 8 ate a light breakfast, consisting of oranges, mush and soft-boiled eggs. At 10 he began a series of games of handball with his brother Joe. They played for forty-five minutes, Joe winning three games out of four.

Billy Woods, clad in his pneumatic suit, then took the scratch, and slugging began. Jim was in the humor for hard hitting. On several occasions Woods was sent staggering with vicious swings. Joe Corbett relieved Woods at times, and the boxing was kept up for an hour. After that Jim went at the punching bag for ten minutes, and then took an alcohol splash and a rub down.

Corbett was in great spirits after his

work. He remarked that he felt stronger and speedier than he has done at any time within the past six months. Then he made his usual meal concerning the number of days that will come and go before he does his war paint. A close friend, who arrived from San Francisco to-day, was greatly pleased with Corbett's condition and his manner of going through his work.

The subject of condition was brought up again at the lunch table. His friend noticed that Corbett was careful as to what he ate, and that he masticated his food slowly and took plenty of time over his meals.

"That is a lesson I learned from the Sharkey fight," said Corbett. "I took liberties

with gastronomy in those days. I ate whatever my appetite craved, and if I felt thirsty or feverish after work, ended up with strawberries or cream, or something of that kind. At meals I consumed too much animal food, and I was always thirsty."

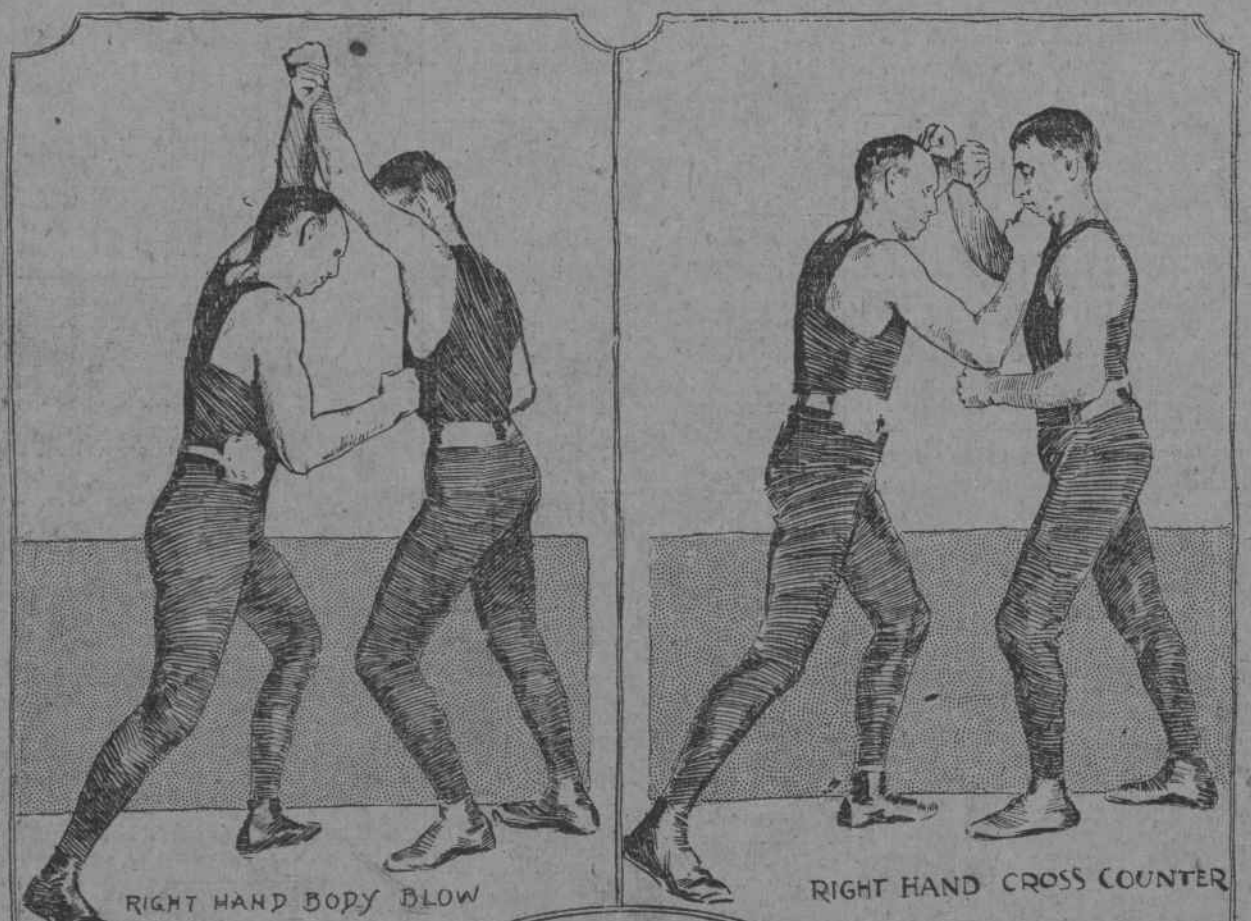
Present System of Dieting.

"My present system of dieting is that I eat nothing but soft foods at breakfast and do not touch meat. At 1 o'clock I have a good substantial steak with a small quantity of vegetables and bread, somehardt later and a cup of weak tea. Occasionally I take a small piece of pastry. I have a similar meal at 6 o'clock. I have got into the way of eating slowly, and as a result my stomach is better than it has been for months. The effect of my present system is seen in the fact that I am seldom thirsty. In former days I wanted to drink continually. This is the first time I have asked for anything while boxing. I took a gulp or two of mineral water, and I could have got along without it. It is a new experience to me this having no desire to drink while working hard, and, of course, I am pleased with it. For it tells me that my stomach is all right."

Corbett's afternoon work was exactly the same as that in the morning. He expects Billy Delaney, his trainer, and Joe, the California giant, to arrive within a day or two, then his exercise will be extended. By the end of the week, it is expected that the snow at present lying on the ground will disappear, and then Corbett will take to the roads. As a matter of fact the conditions are such that he could put in a few miles a day now if necessary, but he is fearful of taking cold. The one thing he dreads is that some ailment may attack him and prevent him from giving good account of himself when the great day arrives.

"I notice that in all his statements he signs himself champion of the world. I think that I am the real champion, so that from this time forward I will also sign myself champion of the world. Until the 17th I will look as if there were two world's champions. After that date, if I hit green well, there will be only one, and I will warrant that fight won by a draw."

W. W. NAUGHTON.



FITZSIMMONS IN CHARACTERISTIC POSES SPECIALLY FOR THE JOURNAL.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

THE upper left-hand picture shows Fitzsimmons breaking Hickey's left-hand lead and delivering a right-hand body blow at the same time. In the right-hand cross counter the fighter guards his opponent's right lead and lands with his own right hand on trainer Hickey's jaw.

The lower left-hand drawing shows Fitzsimmons breaking Roebor's body hold. "Tiny" Burton, one of the members of a theatrical company in Salt Lake asked Fitzsimmons where he intended to place his fist as shown in the picture. In the drawing wherein Roebor is pictured with his head downward, Fitzsimmons is giving an exhibition of his strength. Roebor weighs 220 pounds and is easily tossed about by his employer. These photographs were taken by J. H. Bushnell, of San Francisco, by virtue of the Journal's contracts with the fighters for the exclusive right to pictures during training, and are protected by copyright.

SMITH HAS THE MONEY.

Purse Complete, but the Stakeholder, Fearing Vendig, Will Not Admit It.

Dan Stuart's \$10,000, which is the balance of the \$15,000 purse, arrived yesterday, although Al Smith would not admit that fact directly, as he does not wish to have the money attached by Joe Vendig's lawyers.

Vendig claims to be Dan Stuart's partner, but the latter has repudiated him. Consequently Vendig's lawyers propose taking action in his behalf in the United States courts at once, and it would not be surprising if an attempt was made to lay claim to the \$15,000 purse money, which is supposed to be in the hands of the final stakeholder. Judging from Joe Vendig's manner toward Dan Stuart there may be some startling developments looked for in reference to the big fighters before many days, and it would not be surprising were he to spring some big surprise in a legal way that will interfere with the fight. Stranger things have happened.

No West-Bound Foreign War in Sight.

The Board of Managers of the Joint Traffic Association decided yesterday after a long session not to reduce west-bound freight rates on the various lines controlled by the association to compete with the cut rate established by the Norfolk & Western Railroad in its Cumberland Gap route. Negotiations are now in progress with the officials of the Norfolk & Western for a voluntary withdrawal of the low rate.

Important. Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, is only 25 cents. Adv.

LITTLE NEW MONEY UP.

There is Plenty to Place on the Fight, but the Odds Are Unsatisfactory.

Few new bets were made yesterday on the result of the big fight. Eddie Talcott, the well-known Wall Street man, made the only big bet, laying \$1,500 to \$1,200 with a member of De Cordova & Co. that Corbett will win. Matty Corbett made a couple of \$100 bets at the prevailing price on his namesake at Delmonico's.

The Thompson will begin to make book on the fight next Saturday, and all those who know his style of booking from the race track can feel assured of being able to get down on their choice.

At Martin's, Dick Roebor offered to bet \$250 three times, that he would name the man who could draw first blood, get first knockdown and win the fight, but none of the sports present would take him. Roebor also offered to bet \$80 to \$100, \$800 to \$1,000 or \$8,000 to \$10,000 that Fitzsimmons will win.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 23.—Betting on the fight braced up considerably to-day. Alderman O'Brien put \$500 up on Fitzsimmons against \$1,000 with a Springfield man. "Bath House John" Coughlin is stakeholder in two wagers, one of \$500 to \$400 on Corbett, and another, \$200 to \$200 on the Californian. He also holds about \$1,000 of small bets at 5 to 4 and even money. Very few bets were made to-day either way even, but has not placed it as yet. Corbett's odds seem to continue to dwindle, several small bets being made today at 10 to 9 and even. Fitzsimmons money is still tight, however, the Australian's friends evidently holding back for odds.

Society's Requirements.

demanded that the nerves be always in proper condition. The most grateful, soothing, sleep-inducing of all tonics is Anker-Punch's Malt-Nutrine—the food of the body. Appetizing and invigorating. At all drug stores.

HOW NEW YORK BETTORS BACK THEIR VIEWS.

Tabulated I of Some of the Recent Wagers Made on the Big Fight.

Ed Jr.—\$2,000 to \$1,600 with Dick Roche that Corbett
tha ey—\$500 to \$400 with a well-known clubman
N Guiteras—\$400 to \$500 with a member of the Club that Fitzsimmons will win.
t Kelly—\$500 to \$400 with Dick Roche that Corbett
n—\$500 even with a Chicago man that Corbett
—\$200 to \$160 with Joe Little that Corbett will
—\$200 to \$160 with Ike Plaut that Corbett

FITZSIMMONS HAS A COOK.

The Addition to His Staff Came at the Right Time, for the Fighter Was Weary of the Stove.

THE DAY'S WORK AND TALK AT COOK'S RANCH.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 23.—The train which arrived from Reno brought upon it Martin Julian, manager of Fitzsimmons. Julian had been to San Francisco to engage a Chinese cook and to attend to other business of the Chinaman. The Chinaman's demeanor when he dropped from the train suggested that the 14 below zero mountain air was hitting him hard. He took rapid steps as he trotted toward the livery stable at Julian's heels and he quivered and shivered in such a manner as to make the seasoned Carsonites give vent to boisterous laughter. But while the chef was unhappy in his new surroundings it was different with Fitz when Julian and his charge arrived at Cook's Ranch.

Fitz has been cooking his own meals, and he was thoroughly tired of the job. Fitzsimmons rose at 7 and set about getting breakfast. He cooked a considerable quantity of crusted oats, two dozen potatoes,

joint along the frosty road to Carson. Roebor followed in a team, but the champion did very little riding until he neared the ranch on the return trip. In all he trudged and ran about five miles, and the exercise loosened him up thoroughly and made him perspire freely. Fitzsimmons stated that his cold was improving. He had taken plenty of cough medicine upon retreating the night before, and felt that he would be all right in a day or two.

Fitzsimmons's performance during the afternoon proved that he is in excellent condition. He began operations on the wheat and pulley machines, and then put on the gloves with Hickey. The sparring was of the spirited kind, Hickey having to back all over the gymnasium to avoid the big fellow's onslaught. They kept at it in a dinged style for seven minutes, when Hickey cooled away completely exhausted. Fitz then slipped off the gloves and went standing wrestling with Roebor.

After dinner the conversation turned on knock-out blows and Fitzsimmons laid claim to being the champion sleep inducer of all fighters, either ancient or contemporary.

"I have knocked out 300 men in my time," said he. "When I was on the road before me four rounds, I put to sleep four to seven a week. In my fights nearly every man I defeated was clean knocked out."

STILL HUNT FOR TALENT.

Dan Stuart Seeks "Mysterious Billy" Smith and Other Eminent Scientists.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 23.—Dan Stuart has dispatched a man on a still hunt for "Mysterious Billy" Smith, who will be given an opportunity to face George Green, of San Francisco, on March 16. Smith is looking for a match, and has frequently tried to get an act with Green. Stuart thinks the men are about of equal ability and is willing that they should open the great carnival. One pair of heavyweights will satisfy the Texan sports, but he has a notion of signing a couple of light or bantam weights to round out the carnival. Who they will be, nobody can say until the director-general is able to attend a business.

FARES TO THE BIG FIGHT.

The Burlington Will Make No Cut—Missouri Pacific Will Board Passengers.

Chicago, Feb. 23.—General Passenger Agent Eustis, of the Burlington system, said yesterday that at a conference of officials it had been decided that the Burlington would not make any reduction in the regular rate to Carson, Nev., on account of the prize fight. The reason given was that it was not an event which justified the company in making any concession.

It is reported from St. Louis that the Missouri Pacific Railroad has made an innovation by officially announcing its rate to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight and in reporting board and lodging. The figures given were: Fare, \$72.50; lodging, \$15; board, \$17.50. Total, \$105.

Omaha, Neb., Feb. 23.—The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad will put in no cheap rates from Omaha to Carson. The rate of \$25 for the round trip from Omaha, previously announced, will not apply via the Burlington Route. Circulars announcing a rate of \$35 for the round trip over the Burlington Route had just been prepared. They were all destroyed. No action has been taken by the other three roads seeking business from Omaha to the fight. The Union Pacific, the Rock Island and the Missouri Pacific, and it is generally believed that they will not withdraw the rate of \$35 for the round trip already announced.

The Ice Trust Buys a New Plant.

The Consolidated Ice Company, known as the Ice Trust, has purchased the house and harvesting plant of the American Ice Company, situated on the Penobscot River, near Bangor, Me. The price paid was about \$10,000.